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Johnnycake Flat



Mac Cracken

ALLEN COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY



Katie and Tom Hubbard

Johnnycake Flat

by

Henry Noble MacCracken

with drawings

by

Marjorie Dodd MacCracken

1951

For our children
and grandchildren

The Green Mountains never quite make up their mind. The Long Trail keeps up above two thousand feet on a fairly straight north-south ridge always called "the mountains" by Vermonters. But the hills east of it are as contrary as the people. Ridges are broken and run in every direction. In the center of the state the White River runs south, east, northeast, east, and southeast again, before it settles down and ripples along below the woods, to join the Connecticut at the Junction, as the people so poetically call it. But the folks were not poetically inclined as they went up the Valley.

They named their villages after the last ones they had left in Massachusetts and Connecticut: Windsor, Hartford, Royalton, Bethel, Stockbridge, Hancock, Granville. As they pushed up the White River, the lovely brooks they found got no names at all: First Branch, Second Branch, Third Branch, at Sharon, South Royalton, and Bethel. These splash down through valleys as beautiful as any in America. They have no name. From the mountains the larger brooks get names; Tweed, Stony, and Brandon. They rush against the great white boulders under wonderful forests of fir and beech, birch and maple in the Green Mt. National Park.

Windsor County clings to the White as long as it can, obstinately holding on to a long L in the west, with a ridiculous lozenge-shaped gerrymander over Brandon way, to capture its tributary valley. Then the White disappears up Granville Gulf, in Addison County. Bread Loaf Gap climbs over it, and dips down to Middlebury. Plymouth Notch, to the south, connects with the rest of Windsor, and Killington Pass gives access to Rutland. Gulf-Pass-Gap-Notch. Make up your mind? Not much. We calculate to use any word that may come handy.

The middle reach of the White, from Rochester to Bethel, is to my feeling the most beguiling valley in New England. It is also the geographical center of the Green Mountain State. Killington Peak, 4200 feet, second highest in the range, looks down on it from the west, while Pico Peak and Sable Mt., nearly as high, buttress it securely.

But once in a while the Puritan imagination burst through his reticence. When he found a particularly charming spot he called

it Gilead; and so we have Gilead Valley as the first home of Daniel Fay, and Jerusalem as a neighborhood close by. But what should he call the fine mountain closing in Gilead to the west? Nothing less than Olympus would do; and 'Lympus it was.

Most Puritan irony had a bite in it, and his fun was derisive. So one settlement is called No Town, a beautiful hill on White's right bank is called Mt. Hunger, and the Common at Stockbridge is called Johnnycake Flat. Here, beneath the maples, our folks rest.

You reach Johnnycake Flat by the road over from 'Lympus Four Corners—will these Vermonters have no respect even for classical gods? Below the Flat lies Stockbridge, now a mere cross-roads with two houses on the White River Highway, route 100. Great green meadows stretch down to the river, and the corn stands high on this September Day, 1951. The old covered bridge was carried away in the 1927 flood, and the Rutland road crosses on a new steel one, that may, or may not, resist the next try. The Army engineers want to save the Valley by flooding the whole thing and building a great dam at the Great Narrows at Gaysville five miles down. That is conservation with a vengeance, and the Vermonters will have none of it. So the meadows still smile upon you.

In the old days logs were rafted down the river in spring-time as far as Bellows Falls; but now the swift trucks tear down the highway. The logs are just as good as ever, anyhow; and they seemed to me as big as they did to my boy's wondering eyes when they creaked down the Rochester road on the great six-horse wagons, with their Canadien drivers cracking their long whips, and red tassels tossing around the horses' straining necks.

Do you remember, Calvin, how once when we rolled down the same road, a sudden urge came to us both to take a plunge in the White, and we stripped under the bank below the parked car? Do you still recall your yell of shock as you dived in its icy depths, as cold it seemed as if it were the infant Rhone below the Furka Glacier? How you objurgated, both intransitively against nature in general, and transitively upon me in particular, for telling you the water was incredibly soft and mild!

Some of the softness may come from the soapstone on its right

bank. Some from the granite shelves further up no doubt. The marble Verde Antique at Rochester would not soften it, I should think, nor the talc at Talcville—beautiful name—just below. But what ever it may be, the river deserves its name, for its sparkle and for its clean, clear water. Children love it even in floodtime. Lula Kezer remembers cheerfully how she crossed it in a sap-tub with two others, paddling across to get some flour when the bridges were all down from Rochester to Gaysville.

At any rate, the folks did not call it the Mad River, as they did its partner that shares with it the Granville Gulf up Braintree way. Why should they? Most of the time it is just a sweet and quiet stream, purling around great boulders and lolling in long reaches over gravelly bottoms, too lazy to turn a mill.

No, that's a slander. Here and there in the old days were mills, as at Gaysville where the Gays made 'cassimere' cloth. But there was never anything like the hum of the mill-wheels in Dutchess County where fifty mills turned on Wappingers Creek alone. Up in the Gulf the river still helps along the lumbermen, and one mill turns out plywood panels for suitcases. White River plywood probably flies with you to Chicago, Calvin.

Jersey herds pasture in many of its meads, while here and there a striped Holstein stands in sleek black and white. But there are no Red Durhams left, nor the brindle cows of Auntie Morgan's herd. A few sheep complete the picture, with husy and important collies bustling happily about, as in Scott's time.

This is the valley that called your grandsires forth from the rocky hillsides of western Massachusetts and northern Connecticut. It is just as inviting today, and the lure attracts the city folks in their vacations. Bernice Ordway says that all the old farms are rapidly selling; whereat the forests rejoice and invade the mountain pasturages, first stealthily in huckleberry and shadbush, then in birch and aspen saplings, and finally in cedar and fir and oak, in full possession. We came across an old ruined sugar cabin, with a sign "This house for sale."

Bread Loaf, the famous summer conference for writers, where Uncle Lee Dodd once taught, is only three or four miles from the headwaters of White. Owen Lattimore left legends up in the valley

of Gilead during his sojourn, and my friend Vilhjalmur Stefansson still dwells on Camp Brook, on the east side of 'Lympus. Many others are hidden away along the smooth gravel byways of the hills. Everywhere the landscape appeals to those who want to spend more than just a weekend in the country. Sophistication—the definition I prefer, among my many tries at one, being “a state of mind after the third cocktail”—may content itself with Westport; the Dorothy Canfields and the Deweys seek the hills they have known, and rest content.

In August, 1951, Marjorie and I attended the Old Home Week on Johnnycake Flat. The lunch was spread out of doors on the Flat. The women folks laid out the plentiful meal, while the men strolled round the graveyard and discussed old times and old-timers above the tomb-stones. We inspected again the stones of Justin Morgan II and Justin Morgan III, and speculated as to whether the famous little stallion accompanied the son who came to Stockbridge after his father had been laid away in Randolph. Somehow, they knew, Morgan horses were bred early in the valley. My uncle Harvey D. Morgan, grandson of Justin I, was not the only breeder of good Morgan stock, it seemed. But his *Billy Bowlegs* showed a very respectable pair of heels now and then.

After the service in Grandfather Hubbard's old church, where once before I had unworthily held forth from his old pulpit, we rode up the eight miles to Rochester. Our good friend and hostess, Mrs. Bernice M. Ordway, who on weekdays keeps straight the records in the Town Clerk's office, and smoothes the receipt of taxes from gruff and grouchy citizens, urged us to return in the fall, when the trees would be on dress parade. Parker's Inn, she hinted, was a pleasant hostelry. So we found it to be on the last week in September, and so came about this rambling narrative, culled from rides and visits at the Town Clerk's offices in Bethel and Randolph, and the reading of old books in Rochester Library, and calls on Dr. W. M. Huntington, Lula Chamberlain Kezer, and her sister Maud Chamberlain Fish, and Mrs. Charles E. Townsend. These good folks with their kind help made the week pass all too quickly, though the foliage did not pass beyond the reds and russets of the first of fall.

Martin Parker, our landlord, was a character. He was the typical ingenious mechanic, learning every trade to keep his maintenance costs down, and practising the arts as well. His garden was charming still in the early frosts. His hotel had many specimens of his cabinetting. In the center of his living-room a column concealed vents of his registers from his space-heater that heated his whole hotel quite adequately. A cribbage-table was an exquisite piece of inlay. But the real art at Parker's was in the cooking of Mrs. Martin. New Englanders like Mr. and Mrs. Fuller of Woburn came back for it year after year.

I would not willingly pass by the kindness of the Town Clerk of Bethel, Mr. Robert Bundy. He is a learned and informed scholar—the two words are not synonyms, unfortunately. His office was a delightful place to read old records. But nothing about Vermont is like any other place. There are no types, but only personalities.

Take Bernice Ordway's little granddaughter, for example. Since her sixth birthday was to fall during the term, she was not permitted to enter the first grade. So she took her little lunch, went with the other children to school, and sat down upon the school steps for the day, to catch the crumbs of wisdom from the talk inside the schoolhouse. At last one day the teacher's heart melted, and the tot was allowed to come in. A little chair, and a tiny left over desk, completed her happiness, and there she sits today. The teacher even lets her play at reading. Trust Vermont.

We had run up from Poughkeepsie on a merry Monday, perversely choosing to stick to Old York State as far as we could, and to reserve the glory of New England to the last. This meant following Twenty-two, not named for Park Avenue and the Snob Sixties of today, but a comparatively unused byroad that sticks as closely as possible to the Taconics until they blend into the Berkshires, and so on up to the Champlain country, when Twenty-two keeps company with the Hudson, while Twenty-two A ventures valiantly into Vermont, above the lake.

We saw nothing we knew on the whole way, except Vincent Millay's house at Austerlitz, high above the highway; and we talked of her "Buck in the Snow" and her other vignettes of moun-

tain scenery, and of what she was and might have been.

We came on through Hoosic, where Janet Wilson, Maisry's friend, had lived, and ran down to the site of the Battle of Bennington, where five of our Fays had fought well, and young John Fay had died with a bullet in his head. Bennington is for Benning Wentworth, the greedy Governor of New Hampshire who had parcelled out the 138 townships of Vermont, always reserving one good farm in each for himself, and keeping the fees the poor colonists paid for their allotments. On Battle Day the town was better than its namesake, and deserves its monument. The Fay House is next the shaft on Old Bennington Green. Stephen Fay's "Catamount Tavern" is down farther, where now a bronze catamount snarls at Old York State, as the real stuffed one did. Stephen was our grandsire's brother, of whom more anon.

We went by Lebanon, where is the Berkshire Farm for Boys, niece Catherine Linder's employer for many years, and one of New York's really progressive reform schools. Along the upper roads of the journey the villages were pretty nondescript, with little except what we called the "Appalachian" style to distinguish them. This pattern is of square pillars and cornices, with little wings on each side, and rectangular windows running diagonally up under the eaves. There is a good one on the Wheaton Place in Dutchess County.

As we crossed peaceably into Green Mountain territory we talked of the time when things were not so well. On the Litchfield-Dutchess border there is an old landmark called "Squabble Hill." From 1760 to 1791 every hill on the Vermont line was a "Squabble Hill."

You see, the Twenty Mile Line proposed by Governor Dongan of New York and supported by James II referred only to the shores of the Hudson River. Now below Lake Champlain the Hudson valley takes a sudden bend to the west and ends up in the Adirondacks. So long as the Iroquois were the dominant power in the upper Hudson, and a chain of French forts backed by the Iroquois controlled the region, there was no boundary dispute to worry about. But just as soon as Lord Jeffrey Amherst, "in the wilds of this wild countree-i-ee," had taken Ticonderoga, and Wolfe had won Can-

ada, the fun began. New York, relying on the original grant to the Connecticut, claimed that beyond the Hudson shore the Twenty Mile rule did not apply, and that all north of Massachusetts was hers. Massachusetts, on the other hand, claimed the region north of Pittsfield, for much the same reasons. Meanwhile Governor Benning Wentworth, the enterprising and unscrupulous grafter we have met, proceeded to survey the whole area, divide it into more than 130 townships, and grant the land out to anyone who would pay him a moderate sum and reserve a good farm for the Governor. He pocketed the whole sum, of course. Within fifteen years the land was parcelled; some of it, the Pownal valley, Danby, and adjacent land, given to Quakers from Amenia in Dutchess County, and Berlin, just below Montpelier, to a group of folks from Fishkill. The Quakers went on to settle there; the Fishkill folks apparently stayed home. But our predecessor Wines Manny of Hornyback invested in Vermont's Berlin.

The New York Governor, Tryon, beaten to the punch, came back with a county plan of division, and gave the land out all over again. He brought suit and won his case before the King's Council, granting the land to New York. But the tide of migration was all from Massachusetts and Connecticut, as the place-names indicate, and the farmers from Hardwick and Bethel stood on their rights of possession, took up arms, and drove the New York sheriffs and lawyers out. The Revolution came on, the New Yorkers were mostly Tories, and Ethan Allen, Seth Warner, and Jonas Fay, who had been carrying on a rump government in Bennington and jailing the Yorkers as fast as they caught them, at once joined the Continental side. During Burgoyne's invasion the hatchet was buried for a while, and Bennington fought side by side with the New Hampshire troops to crush the British left wing. But when the threat of invasion had lessened Allen returned to his intransigence. Against all three States of the Union he maintained his Green Mountain Boys, by the unspoken threat that he would not say what he might do in case the British came again. Meantime he kept the British on the string with letters and agents.

On May 19, 1781, General Philip Schuyler at Saratoga wrote to Governor George Clinton of New York that "Major McCracken

stated that Ethan Allen had been trying to seduce the people of the state from their allegiance to New York, that he asked Allen what course he would take 'if the enemy attempted to penetrate into the country' and Allen replied that he could neither give nor take any assistance from the state of New York."

Who Major McCracken was, I have no idea. Let's claim him! There were plenty of McCrackens around. From George Washington's ledger, 1755, July 23: "By expences at McCrackens 5/9." This was in Virginia hill country. Washington bought this James McCracken's farm. Had he come down from Donegal?

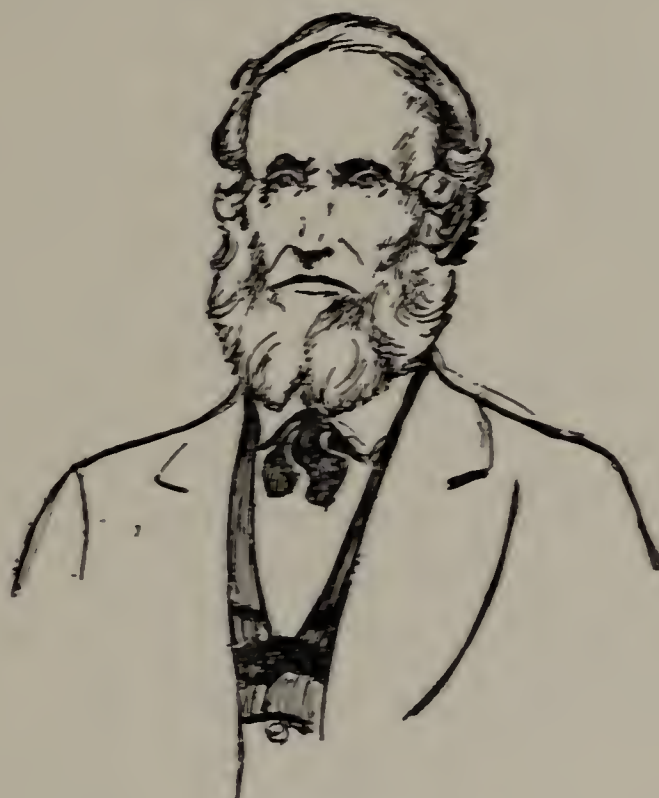
Dr. Jonas Fay, Stephen Fay's son, appears active all through this period. He is the secretary of the first Committee of Safety, which governed from Bennington. He is the judge that sentences offenders from New York. He is chairman of the first convention. Finally he becomes Judge of Vermont's Supreme Court. His brother Joseph Fay is active too, as Representative. In 1777, Burgoyne's year, the name New Connecticut was adopted, but changed in the same year to Vermont, at a convention at White River. Oddly enough, it was up the Connecticut Valley and in eastern Vermont that the settlers accepted the New York rule, while it was in the southwestern part of the state that the move for independence was strongest.

At last in 1790 the squabble ended when a commission with three Dutchess County men on it, R. R. Livingston, Gulian Verplanck, and Melancthon Smith, drew up a treaty. These men were the best lawyers New York had. They wanted to build the Champlain Canal and develop trade with Vermont. Under the new constitution things would be different. So they persuaded Vermont to pay damages in return for the surrender of the New York charters, and peace was made. Vermont joined the Union.

All this and more we talked of, as we left Schuylerville, where Burgoyne surrendered; Wynans and Poesten; Schaghticoke, the old "castle" of the Mahikans; and Cossayuna; and came into Salem and Cambridge and Orville and Brandon, good solid English country. No Indians or Dutchmen here. Indeed, you will hardly find an Indian name in the whole of Vermont, except around the

border country. You can sing with Harry Lauder, "It's just like being at hame."

We drove through lovely old Brandon, the first town Grandmother ever saw, climbed Brandon Gap with its gorgeous views of the Adirondacks, ran down into the White River country a mile below Rochester, and were soon at ease in our inn, in the shadow of the old Park where Uncle John was born, and Grandmother was married, and Greatgrandfather Hubbard had been for ten years the beloved pastor.



Grandfather

* * *

"Priest Hubbard," they called him in Rochester, affectionately applying a once-hated word to this gentle Puritan, who in his later days preached to union congregations made up of Universalists, Methodists, and Congregationalists. Lula Chamberlain remembered him by this name, and so did my chief informant, Mrs. Charles E. Townsend, whose home on the Park stands next to the old parsonage. Her father, General Artemas Cushman, was for many years the first citizen of Rochester, Major-General of the State Militia, eight terms in the legislature, and a successful store-keeper. He

was the devoted friend, and the despair, of his neighbor Priest Hubbard. He was a lifelong agnostic, always arguing his views with the minister, and always supporting his church as a school of morals. When he died Priest Hubbard preached his funeral sermon, "closing his graphic sketch of the departed, of that life so just and generous, of that career so true to the right, so fragrant with sweet charity, by saying that if that were not religion, he knew not what to call it." I quote this from a memorial brochure kindly given me by his daughter. When you talk of Puritans, dear children, just call to mind these two, one the descendant of Robert Cushman of Plymouth 1621, the other of George Hubbard of Wethersfield in Connecticut, 1636.

As a Rochester man said of some one else in my hearing: "He was a sma't man, the's no rubbin' that out; and well thaht of, too." As the village lost in numbers it gained in co-operation, under Priest Hubbard and his successors. The little church united with Universalists and Methodists, gaining a library and a school by the amalgamation. The library, in the days when I read in it, seemed well patronized by the small boys of the village, who ran from their games in the Park to get their stories.

Some of my mother's independence she may have got from Rochester. She slid down hill on a "jumper," a sled made of one barrel-stave with an upright two-by-four to sit on with a crosspiece. If she couldn't get this she got anything, a panlid, or an old boiler. She "made do," just as Rochester has. When the fire destroyed Priest Hubbard's church a couple of years ago the whole town turned out to rebuild it. They borrowed no money, but paid as they went along. From the Federal government they got permission to choose trees to be cut in the National forest bordering Rochester. The mills cut them and trucks carried them for free. The men of the town worked in their spare time. The result is, that a building that would have cost at least a hundred thousand dollars has been built in this day of high prices for fifteen thousand dollars. It is practically complete now, and the first service was held on the Sunday after we had left.

Priest Hubbard would have been proud of them. I am sure. They used old pews, shortening them to fit the new place. The

church center was paneled in beautiful knotty pine, and there is no skimping anywhere.

But Mother had her gay times, too. She used to tell me of her visits at the hospitable home of her cousins the Chalker girls, at Vergennes on Lake Champlain. They were pretty and popular belles of the farms about, and Mother loved her times with them, which were not so strait-laced as those at the minister's home. It was Priest Hubbard's sister, Martha Hunt Hubbard, who had married William E. Chalker, of New Haven, Vt., five miles down from Vergennes.

William Swan Hubbard, Grandfather's brother, was so bold as to marry a Canadienne, Charity Moul. A sister, Elizabeth, married a Canadian physician, Dr. Abram Thompson. From her I suppose, come some of our Canadian relatives; Mrs. Dwight Hills of Amherst, who was a trained nurse, and who, after her husband's death, enlisted in the Army nurse corps, and was with the troops in France and in Coblenz. She was terribly affected by her experiences, and jumped from a steamship near Panama, under the impression that there were German spies shadowing her on the ship.

Another Canadian cousin is Mrs. Clewell, "Cousin Mildred," who is a niece of Alice, and whose husband, General Clewell, was Constable's superior officer during his service in the army. They now live at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.

Mrs. Townsend, when we called on her, told us that Priest Hubbard was much loved, and was considered a fine preacher. (Bernice Ordway told us, too, that Mrs. Townsend, though well over eighty, had journeyed to Stockbridge in 1950 to hear me speak in the old church, and on her return had vouchsafed the opinion; "He's not the man his grandfather was.")

When Priest Hubbard came in his later years to speak at Rochester he used to stay with the Cushmans. On retiring he used to wrestle with the Lord in prayer most mightily. He fairly shook the house as he pleaded for the salvation of the agnostic General. "Well," said the General, "if those petitions are not heard at the Throne of Grace, no other ones ever will."

Priest Hubbard kept a very good garden, Mrs. Townsend recalled. Her own beautiful one ran alongside the parsonage line.

The Rev. Mr. Wilder still keeps up the parson's end. If you children ever visit the village, these houses are on the north side of the park near the upper end. It is a pretty common, with a bandstand where the local bands play well in the evenings, and lovers stroll, while the old folks sit on the porches.

Mrs. Townsend was fond of Katie Hubbard, too, and was taken in one day to see Katie's wedding trousseau. It was of soft silk. "Her wedding nightgown had Hamburg embroidery from neck to toe." Katie was a very decided person, as a parson's daughter usually has to be. A breath of the past came to us while I was typing these lines in the letters that my sister Fay had preserved, written in 1875 from "your own Katie with kisses" to her young minister husband at Toledo. Katie was carrying my brother George, and "must have" pickles. So she gives a detailed recipe for the pickles. My father must shake down the furnace, too, first putting damp towels over all the floor registers. Now, what does expert Calvin think of that? How Marjorie laughed when she thought of Henry MacCracken trying to manufacture pickles for his longing wife.

Lula Chamberlain remembered well Priest Hubbard's favorite phrase in the pulpit: "*I* am aware, and *you* are aware," uttered with awful emphasis, used to frighten her half to death, though she never knew what it was she was afraid of, for she loved the old man. It seemed to me, when I once heard him in the Stockbridge church, where Methodists sat on one side and Universalists on the other, that he was mild enough.

All I have of his is a little book salvaged from his store of books at Stockbridge. It is "The Natural History of Enthusiasm, fourth edition, New York, 1834." This was the year in which he had begun as a public school teacher. He had been born in Franklin, Vermont, in 1911. He went to the St. Albans Academy and later to Middlebury college, where he graduated that June. In his later years he came to be its "oldest living graduate." After two years at Andover Theological Seminary, he began to preach in 1838. The list of his pastorates is a gazetteer of upper Windsor County. No wonder that Mrs. Hubbard insisted that Katie was getting no schooling with all the shifts.

Stockbridge	1839-1846	Denton, Ill.	1862-1864
Royalton	1846	Gaysville	1864-1868
Chelsea	1847-1854	Rochester	1868-1878
Stockbridge	1855-1856	Pittsfield	1878-1881
Cabot	1857-1859	Tunbridge	1886-1890
Bethel	1859-1862		

Such were his pastorates, but I recall his preaching at Stockbridge in my boyhood, and until his extreme old age he was often called upon to supply pulpits. His ramblings were due, I think, to his own restlessness, and not to any lack of popularity. While at Royalton he served as Superintendent of Schools for Windsor County; in Stockbridge he served two terms as Town Superintendent of Schools; he was Representative for two terms in the State Assembly, and for one term, while at Bethel, as State Senator; he was member of the Vermont Constitutional Convention in 1847. Not bad for a village parson.

But what manner of man was he? John had a letter of his that I once read, written to his sister when he was at Middlebury College. It was toward the end of the Great Awakening, but there had been a revival of religion, and young Thomas was going through the tortures of the damned in his sense of sin. He was swept along for a time, but recovered soon enough to beware of enthusiasm thereafter.

He must have been a kindly man, for Mother always spoke of him with deep affection. In his old age she tried to persuade him to live with us, but he knew he would be unhappy in New York, and refused. Mother had inherited the Stockbridge farm, and gave it to him for his life, where she paid Frank Davis, an ex-nurse from a state hospital, to take care of him. So he lived on till his ninety-sixth year, dying in February, 1907.

A few weeks before his death he wrote me a letter of good counsel, in answer to one of mine, informing him of my engagement to Marjorie Dodd. To my infinite regret, I lost it. "Friend Noble, I have observed thy temperament," he wrote. "A tendency to hot blood and concupiscence, from which I myself suffered in youth.

I recommend that thou pour a pitcher of very cold water over thy naked body night and morning.”

I did not follow his advice, as you all know. But I did call on Grandfather about that time, and found him hoeing in his garden, which lay across the road from the house in Stockbridge.

“Here you see the Man with the Hoe,” he cried. He kept up with literature, you see, and he had no use for the current depreciation of manual labor, with its supposedly debasing effects upon the laborer.

I stayed once at his home when he was preaching in Tunbridge. He was postmaster and telegraph operator of the village. One morning, in the midst of a long prayer of blessing, the telegraph began ticking. Grandfather spread out his hands, and began to dictate the message as it came over the wire. Cousin Holt, a boy of my own age, got up and took down the dictation. The message ended, Grandfather raised his hands again in supplication and went on with his blessing as if nothing had happened.

Holt and Harvey, with their sister Laura, were the children of my uncle Thomas C. Hubbard, who had married Idella Holt and gone out to Fort Worth, about 1870. Hubbard Heights, a district of the city, is named for him. They are gone, but the family survives. Laura, a lovely and versatile singer and reciter, married a jeweler named Jacquard. Holt’s grandson Thomas Hubbard, was an officer in the Air Force during the last war. Shot down over Belgium, he was rescued, and in one of his rescuers he found a bride after the war was over. They live, I believe, in Fort Worth.

Uncle Tom and my mother still survive in the daguerreotype. They had run away from Stockbridge to Pittsfield to have their picture taken. Tom is standing close to his sister, looking scared to death. Katie, dressed in her mother’s best silk dress, with a lace fan to cover her nervousness, looks the incarnation of girlish mischief. It is a delicious glimpse. One can guess that the punishment will not be very severe.

Mother must have been about thirteen at the time, and must have been living up on Johnnycake Flat, in the old Hubbard house, still standing on the Common. When Marjorie and I visited it, in 1949, it had been bought by a worthy couple, who had begun its

restoration as a fine old house. It is of excellent colonial taste, solidly built, with a good door. One amusing feature were the holes for the cat in every door in the house. There was a pantry at the back of the front hall where by a sliding door you could peek through and see who your caller might be. In the great attic, that filled the space under roof of the whole back wing, was a great tangled mass of old furniture, perhaps some old Hubbard pieces among them.

The house, for all I know, may have been originally the home of my great-grandfather Dr. Timothy Paige Fay, who certainly lived on Johnnycake Flat. We have the best of proofs of that, in a saucy jingle that used to be sung when he went by. An old resident of Stockbridge gave it to me, but couldn't remember the tune.

There goes Doctor Fay
And he's looking right gay
In his brand-new Leghorn hat;
He feels mighty big
'Cause he's driving a gig—
But he lives on Johnnycake Flat.

* * *

And so we'll leave the Hubbards for a while, and roost on the other branch of the ancestral tree, where the Fays flourished. We must go back to Massachusetts for a minute, where about twenty miles east of Amherst was a village named Hardwick. There lived two families on what was once the frontier of defence against the Indians, the Paiges and the Fays. Colonel Timothy Paige of Old Hardwick, (to distinguish it from its daughter village in Vermont) was a renowned Indian fighter. He had five brothers who came among the earliest settlers to the village of Barnard, just over the Delectable Mountains from Bethel. A charming road now leads over the mountain through Barnard to Woodstock, the county seat; but in those days you went all the way round them.

It was in Barnard that the Fays settled first in Vermont. James Fay from Hardwick, with his son Daniel, had gone to Bennington

early in the 1760s with his brothers Stephen and Benjamin, but he had returned to his native village again. We find James and Lydia Child his wife, with his son Daniel, enrolled in the Bennington church. Then we find them back again. The History of Barnard says that George Whitefield, the English preacher, had visited Hardwick on one of his many missionary tours, and had brought spiritual devastation to the little community. The Fays, for the time at least, had become Universalists, people who believed that everybody was saved, even the sinners, after some purification. What is on record is that three of Daniel Fay's sons, Moses, Aaron, and Eliakim, in 1775 declared themselves at Woodstock to be members of "the liberal Catholic Society." What this meant I do not know, unless it was a name for the Universalists.

These three, at any rate, settled in Barnard. Aaron bought the lot of Lot Whitcomb, who was later kidnapped by the Indians and escaped, and settled in Stockbridge. Moses lived in the village. His brother Eliakim lived on Mt. Hunger. Three other Fays came to Barnard, but moved on to the north. All of them, and nine more, were the children of Daniel Fay, Sr., who had fought in the French wars, and had been a lieutenant in the army of Lord Abercrombie in the first and unsuccessful try at Ticonderoga. Daniel must have seen something of the countryside in the campaign, and though he elected for himself to stay on the family farm in Hardwick, he no doubt urged on his numerous progeny to go back and possess the land. Some of his many nephews and nieces, too, came to Royalton, where Denisons were settled.

So when young Daniel Fay, Jr., and his wife, Mary Paige, one of the eighty-one grand-children of Christopher Paige of Hardwick, and daughter of Colonel Timothy Paige, when they bought 100 acres of land in the township of Bethel in 1792, they were no lonely pioneers, although the purchase was one of the first (fol. 151) on the town records. He had three brothers, and she had five, in Barnard, and other relatives nearby. Both were the children of Indian fighters, and they must have been ready to rough it. In the Bethel registry of his purchase Daniel calls himself "yeoman" (small farmowner). He had fought, I am told, at Boston, Brooklyn, and Saratoga, in three Massachusetts companies.

Their lot was row 9 in the first range, west of the Rochester line. For explanation let me say that townships were divided into squares, the ranges north and south, the rows east and west, approximately. Actually the townships at this point tip to the east since they are based on the Connecticut River, diverging toward New Hampshire. Daniel's lot was up Gilead Brook, in a beautiful forestbound valley. 'Lympus Mountain shadows it on the west. Here Daniel lived until 1800, when he sold, I hope to some advantage for his eight years' labor, and settled in Randolph Township on Second Branch, dying there in 1810. Mary Paige died in Stockbridge twenty-four years later, and is buried beside her husband in Stockbridge Cemetery on the Flat.

Of their nine children, five at least went out west with the great New England migration, most of them to Ohio. Only one, Elizabeth, married a Batchelder and settled down in Bethel Town. Two sons, Cyrus Paige and Orin, went west along with their sisters. But my greatgrandsire, Dr. Timothy Paige Fay, crossed 'Lympus Four Corners, and bought a farm in Stockbridge over the hill.

Stockbridge, on the big bend of the White to the south, was not settled till 1792, the year after Vermont became a state. Its town records were burned years ago, so that we do not know just where Dr. Timothy lived. But we know that the old Morgan farm of my boyhood was one half of it, so that its whole size must have been six or seven hundred acres, lying on the wide meadows by the river and up the sides of 'Lympus almost to its very top.

Where Dr. Timothy studied we do not know, but we can guess that it was at Hartland, where John Gallup, a cousin, lived and practised, and where Joseph Adam Denison, his own brother-in-law-to-be, was studying at the time. It is quite possible that John Gallup was also a brother-in-law of a still later date, for Dr. Timothy's second wife was Harriet Gallup of Woodstock.

How much medicine did he know, there in the just opened White valley? A happy incident of our stay in Rochester was meeting Dr. and Mrs. Huntington, who live on the Park just round the corner from Priest Hubbard's house. When I told him of my quest he invited me to his study-office, with a fine medical library on its

shelves. Reaching down an old leather-bound volume he said, "I want you to have this. I purchased it years ago in Bethel."

The fly-leaf of the book reads "\$7.50" "Timothy P. Fay. Stockbridge Sept. 25, 1813." The title: "A Treatise on Febrile Diseases, including Intermittent, remitting, and continued fevers; eruptive fevers; inflammations; hemorrhages; and the profluvia; In which an attempt is made to present at one view, whatever, in the present state of medicine, it is requisite for the physician to know, respecting the Symptoms, cause, and cure of those diseases, with experimental essays on certain febrile symptoms, on the nature of inflammation, and on the manner in which opium and tobacco act on the living animal body. By A. Philips Wilson, M.D., F.R.S.Ed. Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, Edinburgh, &c. First American from the second English edition. Hartford . . . 1809."

There are no notes in the volume, but it certainly has been read. I take it that Dr. Fay, who in 1813 could pay \$7.50 for a medical book, was not ill-informed by the standards of the day. I learned that there was a practising physician in each of the White River towns in those days, which is better than some rural districts could show today.

I inherited from my mother Dr. Timothy's old desk, which is now used by Marjorie. It is a beautiful antique, probably dating from this time. The panelled doors are of cherry and satinwood, or perhaps a very choice maple. It is of the secretary type, with unfolding writing shelf. There are side drawers for bottles of medicine. With it I received the Fay chair, a lovely American Chippendale. There are crudities in the pattern, but the wood is finely turned.

At the time he purchased *Wilson on Fevers* Dr. Timothy was only twenty-five years old. He lived and practised till 1865 in Stockbridge driving about in his gig, as an old farmer told me at "Old Home Week." "He killed more than he cured" added the old man, with Vermont causticity, or perhaps to avoid the evil eye. At any rate Dr. Fay prospered, and his children kept his memory green.

Twice a year good Doctor Timothy strapped on the old saddlebags and rode over to Troy Town in York State to get his new stock of pills. Like Dr. Thorne of Fishkill, his practice was probably 'a Pewk, a Purge, or a Bleed, two shillin' each.' At any rate, he was in touch through Troy with the New York doctors.

Among his contemporaries in Stockbridge was Judge Elias

Keyes, who had the misfortune to be put in jail as a debtor, but who so commended himself to his fellow-townsmen by rebuilding the jail during his occupancy, that they elected him Judge and Representative. That was better than polishing the handle of the big door, anyhow. I suppose he was a relative of the Lavinia Keyes whose grandson, Grandfather Hubbard, married Dr. Timothy's Mary.

Asa Whitcomb, another of the three first settlers in the town, must have had an unusual crop even for those days. There are Whitcombs on the old maps everywhere around. Daniel Whitcomb, who lived across the road, married another of Dr. Timothy's flock, Elizabeth. Hattie Whitcomb, of this family, was one of my great-aunt's staff when we spent summers with her. The third pioneer, John Durkee, came in 1792. His farm adjoins Fay's to the west, along Stony Brook. Their names on the old maps make a study in historical geography. Sally Durkee was Uncle Harvey Morgan's mother.

But the old maps do no justice to the landscape of this heart of Vermont. Nor does any novel or sketch that I have read say anything of this neck of the woods, except "The Wood-carver of 'Lympus," Mary A. Waller of Bethel. The novel was a best-seller of 1900. It pulls out all the stops of pathos. The carver is a cripple, and he loves a poor illegitimate orphan. Friends write him from all over the world. Unfortunately, we get little of the landscape or the people.

Mr. and Mrs. Downer, of Vassar, who motored all over the country, thought the cows of central Vermont the best-looking ones in the whole land. This is really all you need to know about the beauty of Vermont, just as all you need to know about Chaucer's Cressida is, that no one ever looked less like a man. For a cow knows when a landscape is beautiful enough to eat. So, I shall not describe it.

But even this landscape bred Vermonters just as contrary as the next one. I was told by Bernice Ordway of a Stockbridge man who went off to the war, 1812 I think, and when he came back he found that his lady had married another. "They are all alike," said he, "I might as well marry the first one I see, and I guess I

will, just to spite her." So he did; but it was an Indian girl who first met him, and he married her. She must have been visiting, for there were none in the State from the time of its settlement. Nobody hunts arrow-heads in the Green Mountains.

Down below Bethel, nearly twenty miles down White River, is the village of Royalton, at the junction of Second Branch. Thither came Dr. Jo Adam Denison from Connecticut, with his sister Eunice Stanton Denison. Jo Adam became a famous doctor through all the region, and he and his son of that ilk practised for fifty years. The father studied medicine with his sib, John Gallup of Woodstock; and with Dr. Timothy, too, I guess, for Timothy married sweet Miss Eunice, of whom a tradition of loveliness remains. Dr. Jo Adam married Rachael Chase, whose father Dudley Chase was a U. S. Senator for New Hampshire. There were fifteen children in his home; one of them, Ithamar, had a famous son, Salmon P. Chase, Secretary of the Treasury under Lincoln and later Chief Justice of the United States.

Another of the Senator's sons, Philander P. Chase, married Mary Fay, daughter of Daniel Fay, Jun., and so the sister of our Dr. Timothy. Philander took his wife out to the Middle West in the great New England migration, and became one of the distinguished men in the history of the Protestant Episcopal Church. He was successively bishop of Ohio and then of Illinois, and in his older years was presiding bishop of the national church. He went to England and collected sufficient funds to start Kenyon College, which he named for one of his benefactors. He later collected funds for the starting of Jubilee College in Illinois. Unfortunately, his wife could not stand his furious pace, and died, leaving a young son, Philander Jun., and a daughter, Mary, who became a teacher: Jubilee College died, too, and is now only a state park at Peoria.

But it was the Bishop's nephew that I knew in all this celebrated line. He was the famous Judge Dudley Chase Denison. He lived all his life at Royalton, except when on circuit or at the Legislature or a constitutional convention. He kept open house in a great mansion on White River known as "The Ark," no doubt for its hospitality. I remember stopping off with our family on the

way to Stockbridge, and have a memory of a great roaring mountain of a man, talking as if to Madison Square Garden all the time, all fun and good humor. His nine children were charming girls, mostly, though there were some that became professors of law out in Denver. Lucy Dunbar, much the youngest and sweetest of them all, we stole away from him for two years in which she went to art and music schools in New York City. She loved to sketch children and I, who adored her, would stand for hours while she worked away in her big sketch-book, content just to look at her. The picture that we have does not do her even a modicum of justice. She married Mr. Elder and went to live in Denver, later in Burlington, Vt. Her son is a professor, I believe, in Randolph-Macon College, Va.

I have always believed that the phrase "You can't fool your Uncle Dudley" referred to Uncle Dudley Denison, for to me he was the wisest man in the world. Father knew more theology, perhaps, but about everything else on earth Uncle Dudley was the last reference. He could really spin yarns about old Vermont, and sorry am I that I do not remember them.

Uncle Dudley used to show us his 'Denison finger'. This was a crooked little finger on his right hand, which he claimed as a hereditary sign of your true-born Denison. My brother George had a crook in his little finger, and was very proud of it. Of course I was correspondingly cast down, whenever it was displayed.

Just over the hill from Royalton, beyond the Delectable Mountains, lived a family named Evans who came to Royalton later. One of them, a boy named Nathaniel, perhaps named for a Paige, was a victim of the Royalton Raid, the only Indian story I know of Vermont. On the hundredth anniversary of the Raid a pageant was held in Royalton, and Uncle Dudley was the orator of the occasion. It remained his favorite story. Now Nathaniel Evans grew up to marry Nancy Fay, another of the nine children of Daniel Fay, Jun., so the story is in our line to that extent, and deserves insertion here.

Whether the Indians of Vermont were Mahikans, Algonkians from St. Francis in Canada, or Iroquois, I do not know. I have found no history of them. Like Kentucky, it was apparently a debatable hunting ground. The Indians who came with Burgoyne

did not call it home. They fought in the brief and bloody skirmish at Hubbardton, and skipped home, most of them, after Bennington. But after an American scout had picked off a British officer named Gordon, they agreed to return on a retaliatory raid. Lieutenant Horton, an English soldier, was in command of two hundred of them, with Lamoille a Canadien as interpreter. It is significant that as the guide of the group went a certain Hamilton, former prisoner from Burgoyne's army at Saratoga, who had been released on a parole of honor, and under pretence of surveying had got into Vermont and so back to Canada. Apparently the Indians were not themselves familiar with the settlements.

The raiding party in August, 1780, encamped at Randolph over night. Next day they crossed a ridge and attacked Bethel but were driven off by the Royalton garrison which had been hastily called. This action left Royalton for the moment undefended, and the band destroyed the village, burning and plundering at will. They captured over thirty prisoners, of whom a dozen were mere children. One of them, Zadok Steele by name, has left a circumstantial account of the affair. A few of the prisoners were tomahawked, apparently to prevent alarms rather than from wanton slaughter. The Indians hastily rounded up their victims, preparatory to the return trip.

At this point an intrepid young woman, Mrs. Handy or Hendee, who had escaped the Indians but whose son had been kidnapped, returned to the village and implored the English officer to release the children. She did not succeed in getting back her own son, but nine of the children were given to her, and she returned to the Americans with them. Among the little band was Nathaniel Evans. He grew up at Royalton and married Nancy Fay, Daniel's daughter, as I have told. They and their eleven children seem to have gone out to Ohio, where Nancy died in Middlebury.

The settlers soon rallied and pursued the raiders but for fear of a massacre did not push the pursuit. The Indians hurried back to Canada, killing loiterers and the enfeebled, but treating the rest with some show of kindness. Lot Whitcomb was one of those who escaped and returned to the Valley after two years of wandering. The prisoners who survived were taken to prison in Montreal and

later released, when it appeared desirable to curry favor with the independent Vermonters.

The whole affair was utterly stupid and futile. It aroused Vermont to arms all over again, and probably changed a good many Tories into Continentals. To avert future risks of the kind Ethan Allen set up his correspondence with the British, and thus contained a British army of ten thousand men, as he claimed. At the same time New York and New Hampshire were alerted by the occurrence. The Committee of Safety was strengthened in its control, and Tories were intimidated. We know, as has been said, that Bethel Town, through which the raid came, was settled originally by Episcopalian Tories. We hear little more of them.

When the Royalton centennial was celebrated, the narrative of Zadok Steele was used as a source-book, and the children of 1880 reenacted the scenes of the children of a century ago. Judge Dudley made a grand and eloquent speech and a good time was had by all. I wish I had been there, but I was not born until November. August would have been a little premature. But this was the nearest that one of ours ever came to be carried off by the Indians, and to be saved by a Vermont Pocahontas.

Royalton has more than held its own, and Rochester is not so far behind but it can follow, but the glory of Stockbridge has departed. The leather factory, the grist mill, the tombstone business have all gone, and the store and post-office of Uncle Morgan have gone with them. Many houses have been burned, and others like the old Tontine on the Flat have fallen into decay. It is hard to realize that in its day it thought some punkins of itself. It is a small neighborhood, but there are those who love it.

There were even those in the other towns who admitted it. John Guggins, an original and convivial resident of Rochester, used to do most of his celebrating at Stockbridge, and our first wag, Asa Whitcomb, once wrote an "epitaph." You should know, of course, that Mr. Guggins before leaving home and being interrogated as to his destination by his wife, would always reply, "I'm goin' up to t'other town."

Beneath this stone, if you chance to dig
You'll find an old man with a lambskin wig.
His breeches torn, his stockings down,
His soul's gone up to t'other town.



Uncle Morgan

My Great-Aunt Morgan, "Auntie Morgan" in my boyhood, Dr. Timothy P. Fay's daughter, married Harvey D. Morgan of Stockbridge. She was the only one of her generation to spend her life in Stockbridge, and as she had no children, the name is gone from the lists, though it is common elsewhere in the state. Auntie's name was originally Dimis Emily, but she changed it around, as my father—Mitchell Henry and I—Noble Henry—did in our turn. Her husband was son of Justin Morgan, Jun., who came to Stockbridge as the Fays had done, from Randolph over 'Lympus. Justin Morgan Sen. (or I, for there were three of them) was the owner and discoverer of the great little stallion "Justin Morgan," whom I shall call Eq. for equus, and Eq. was much the most famous of the four. Whether Eq. ever came to Stockbridge for purposes of propagation I do not know. Certainly Harvey Morgan bred Morgan horses, as I have already said, and so did General Cushman of Rochester and others up and down the White River. Justin I died and is buried in Randolph, but his son Justin II married a Stock-

bridge girl, Sally Durkee, and they and their sons, Justin III and Harvey, are buried on Johnnycake Flat, just behind the Fays.

Harvey I remember, though he died when I was five. He looked exactly like Uncle Sam in the cartoons, except that he was not tall. He would take me by the hand and lead me down to the store, where the peppermint sticks stood in rows in the glass jars on the shelf. "Help yourself any time, Nibby," he would say. I recall this thrill of a lifetime, for I have never felt so rich as then, when I could raid the store and take a fistful for my friends.

Uncle Morgan was a business man. He had clerked up in Warren, up the White, and then for a time had gone out to Ohio as clerk for his future brother-in-law, George Gere, in Gere and Abbott's store in Columbus, O. On his return he bought half of Dr. Timothy's farm in 1860, and in 1875 built the house on the cross-road below Johnnycake Flat, which was my second home as a small boy. Lula Chamberlain's father, a Stockbridge carpenter, was working on the house when his son ran through the fields to tell him he had a daughter, and that is how I know this date.

Auntie Morgan, on her death in 1894, left the place to my mother, who kept it until Grandfather died in 1907, when she sold it, during a depression, at a great loss. We visited the farm many times. We spent a summer there when I was five, and again when I was seven; at Christmas, and often at odd times. Mother was devoted to Auntie Morgan. They were much alike, wonderful women both, strong-willed and indefatigable.

Uncle Harvey was postmaster for twenty-five years, and held many other offices. The "See-leck" men used to meet at the house, and on those days I went about on tiptoe. The creamery and the button-factory were running, and so were the cheesery and the sawmill of Jeffers Richardson's father; so that there was a bit of bustle about the crossroads, and the store was busy. And even in Uncle Morgan's day, folks knew who was the real power in town. The gray mare did more than her share, as the saying goes.

It is one of my most vivid memories, that when the three men had carried up the hill on their big pailyokes (or "neck-yokes") the hundred odd pounds of milk of the night's milkin', they would pour it into a great cheese tub set out on Auntie Morgan's clean

kitchen floor. Then they would carry Auntie in her chair to the side of the tub, and she would pour in the rennet from the rennet-bag, like a solemn libation, and after the setting, would carve the curds with a long wooden knife. How I loved my dish of curds and whey that followed, as Hattie Whitcomb bustled about with preparations for starting the cheese. In that part of the ceremony I took no interest and have no recollection. But everything Auntie did was touched with her own dignity, and was done right.

She made over a thousand pounds of cheese every year, and at least fifteen hundred gallons of syrup from her great sap bush. Pigs rooted behind the barn, and a calf pasture ran all over the hillside below the Flat. The paths became my railroad tracks, and I was the noisy switch-engine. The maple orchard was up above the Flat. The pent road on the right side we used with a sledge, to bring home the Christmas tree. On the far side of Clay Hill the cowpasture came all the way down to the house, and there ruled a beautiful collie named Scott, which my father had named for his favorite author. He was a grand dog, but much too strong and able for a New York yard, and was packed off to Stockbridge, the perfect farm companion. He trained the cows to come down to the lower gate as soon as they heard his bark. When the bars had been lowered, the men had no further responsibility for the trip of the cows down through the village to the barn. The great Red Durhams would wend their way, each to her stanchion, and woe to the one who forgot and chose the wrong one. Scott brought order out of confusion like a drill-sergeant.

He was a powerful and even savage dog when on duty. My brother George once pretended to shoot him by lifting his hand and crying "Bang." Instantly Scott sprang at his throat, and in the ensuing melee Geordie lost the nerves from the end of one finger, which never knew sensation after that.

Since Scott, all other dogs have seemed to me incomplete. Scott had his place, and everybody knew it and respected it. The braided rug in front of the fire was his property. So was the back axle of the hay-wagon, and the big butter-churn where every week he did some hours of treadmill work. He never sought petting, but al-

lowed it within reason. But he was a Vermonter, all the way through.

My children will indignantly stand up for Raffy, Boris, or some other of our pets. But even our dear Raffy's devotion to his pine-cone was sublimation of a hunting and retrieving instinct, while Scott's was the display of a very high and active intelligence. But about pets there is no disputing.

To this small boy, then, the "litel spot of erthe" known to him as Auntie's was a big Central Park, made to roam and dream in. From the mapled slopes of 'Lympus down Clay Hill to the barn, and on from them to the great corn-planted meadows stretching to the White River, all was his kingdom, and for all day long. Sometimes country boys would join his wanderings, but most of the time he was alone, for he was "never less alone than when alone." He met folks at the covered bridge that led from Pittsfield, or at the crossroads of the Bethel Road, or on the road from 'Lympus Four Corners and the Flat. The great wagons lumbered down from Rochester, sometimes completely blocking the cross-roads, and the hard-swearing Canadien drivers were not the gentlest folk to meet; but it was all so different from Gramercy Park that he saw it all through a rosy haze of appreciation.

On the opposite corner of Cross-roads stood a really gigantic elm. Boyhood memories exaggerate, I know, but Lula Kezer and Mrs. Townsend, who saw the tree in their adult life, support my memory of it. Below the elm Clark's Hotel served meals and drinks to the teamsters, and entertained young folks at oyster-parties and dances. Yes, indeed, there were barrels of oysters, too, none of your dainty half-filled plates on the half-shell, but barrels shucked out with lightning speed to greedy boys and girls, whose appetites were their own affair. Lula recalls how once after a swain had asked her to an oyster-party he reneged, and told her he couldn't take her. "All right, then, I'll go myself," says the doughty damsel, and off she traipses alone, to have the best time of her life. Later her beau informs her that he had only a shilling in his pocket, and so could not pay for two. But a lone girl gets along in Vermont.

There were "apple parings," when the ones whose peels were nearest in length were matched up; hop pickings and corn huskings, with plenty of red ears for the kissing-bent; country dances, with "Twinkling Jim" Abby to call the sets, with his snapping black eyes and flaming red cheeks. They were perhaps all the better neighbors because they lived half a mile apart. Nobody ever went hungry in 'Lympus or Stockbridge, they say. If someone fell ill, the neighbors came round and took hold, split the wood and cooked the meals, nursed and watched the youngsters, and no thanks asked. They would do as much for them some day. And the games in the big kitchen—"Wink Up" and "Post Office" and the rest, and the long walks home with an escort, if you were old enough; that's how the families inter-married, generation after generation. "Neighbor" meant a lot more than mere vicinity. You had to be cautious how you called them out of their names.

On the other side of the road from Clark's was our barn with its great haymow, from which I used to watch the slaughter of the calves. A blow on the head from a sledge-hammer, a knife at the throat, and all was ready for the more skillful part of the job, equally fascinating. Endless sports started from the mow. We thought we were helping the raking and tossing of the hay, but of course we were only in the way, privileged outlanders that we were.

My most constant companion and friend was Georgie Lamb, who became a Major with distinguished service in the United States Army, and whose death last year was a real loss to the community. Opposite the former site of his father's stone-polishing and cutting works Major Lamb has erected a charming fountain as a memorial to his father. George's sister Caroline was a little younger than I, and he a little older, a good combination.

A favorite play-place was the horse-barn, which, as in many New England farms, was connected with the house by connecting sheds. In this house they ran off at a right angle, because of the hill behind. There was plenty of room for the shays and the sleighs, and a big room for the cheese-working as well. The harness room was absorbing, and the buffalo robes hanging out to air. On a long shelf were the soapstone slabs, two inches thick and

a foot or more square, which were heated and put on the floor of the sleigh. They would stay warm all the way to Rutland, twenty-four miles away. What their secret was I do not know. I know I often cowered in the bottom of the sleigh, wondering if my nose would freeze off, as the hired man had said it would.

Once at least, I stowed away under the back seat of the carriage, in order to go with the old folks. This was overlooked, but when I wanted to go with the hired man to Pittsfield I was forbid. So—I went anyway, and that night at table in a moment of silence I somehow felt it incumbent on me to venture the remark that I had not been at the mill that afternoon. This proved one of the most unnecessary things I ever did. Not only was I sent supperless to bed, but later on I was enjoined to memorize the chapter about Ananias and Sapphira, and to recite it. Not dropping dead at the time, I began to take a somewhat more hopeful view of my very dim future. But I have never broken myself of the hazard of inappropriate remarks.

A further punishment was, that my speculation in chickens on the Pine Hill rocks was postponed for a year. This proved a blessing in disguise, for though I did not lose money I did not make any in the birds.

At Stockbridge I once told of this episode. An old man approached me after the meeting, and confided to me that he was the identical hired man that had driven me to the mill on the fatal afternoon. I was glad for once to have a story so completely substantiated on the spot, in this case sixty years after.

But none of Auntie's rigs approached in splendor the "Hornet" coach on the Bethel-Rochester run. With its four horses it swung into town with almost a western flair. We would come up from New York by an all-day ride on a Boston and Maine and Central Vermont express, during which Bellows' Falls was the only sensation. We would spend the night at Bethel, or at Royalton with Uncle Dudley Denison, for the railroad went up the Second Branch at that point, on the way to Montpelier.

I remember an amusing story of that Bethel line, which I heard when at Rochester. A single track line was cleared usually at

Randolph. One night, however, for some reason the southbound express was instructed to pass at Granville, twenty miles north. The train made good time, however, and went on to Roxbury, a whistle stop halfway between. The conductor of the southbound train persuaded the driver of the engine to put his coat over his headlight, and so the northbound express sped by without seeing the opposite number at all. Of course there was confusion at Randolph and in fact all along the line, so much so that the old North pulled into Montpelier seven hours late. Those were the days.

The line to Bethel was the oldest in the state, older even than the New York Central, (in case you think Vermont slow!) But it was nothing in comparison with stagecoach glory. The four scrawny horses would start off well enough, but it was a good two-hours to Stockbridge. "Five-dollar horses with ten-dollar tassels," Uncle Morgan used to call them. They were like the horses Kipling tells of in his one Vermont story, "The Walking Delegate," suggesting that they were bought in job lots from the Belt Line of New York and given a rest-cure on Vermont pastures. Of course we carried the mail, and the driver tooted a horn as he neared the mail points. Mail-boxes were then just open cases on the ground.

On the Rutland run there was no real coach, for the road was too steep and rough for any coach. A two-horse mountain wagon was used, with a third horse over the Pass. That was exciting enough, and why we never had an overthrow I can't say. At Sherburne we got out and stretched at the Inn, while fresh horses were harnessed. Then we dashed down the steep Mendon pitch, where invariably I slid off the seat, to be caught and replaced firmly by Mother's strong arm.

Auntie was my very good friend, and did her best to undo my mother's careful discipline. She operated by indirection, in ways that were difficult to protest. The word was plenty in Auntie's house. There were snacks for a hungry boy, and at all hours. In the sugar room an open jar held a half-melted gooey mess of maple sugar, with a small barrel of Vermont crackers sitting near by. Milk in the creamery was equally accessible. At table jelly tarts, filled with elderberry jam, were my favorite indigestible. Auntie

Morgan went through the conventional motions of passing them down the long table where the hired men and Hattie sat with the rest of the family, but it seemed to be understood that nobody but children were to take any, and Auntie would glare balefully at any one so bold as to sneak one. I recall my painful watch as the tart plate went about, greedily counting as the full plate came down to me. No wonder I always had belly-aches, and Mother firmly resolved that come what may, she must get the children out from under this benevolent misrule.

But there was no other failure of law in the whole House of Morgan. The most wonderful place in the home was the great attic, stretching over the whole area, wing and all. Here on racks stood the hundreds of sap-pails, the extra milk pails, and all the equipment of a nineteenth-century housekeeping, when farms were almost self-contained factories and mills. There hung bags of colored scraps of cloth, being saved for braiding into rugs. On the floor were boxes with vegetable seeds, especially beans of all colors and kinds; "soldiers," "yellow-bellies," "red-jackets," "black-spots," and the rest. One could marshal them in armies on the wide planks of the floor. Everything metal was polished till it shone, for Auntie had a phobia for rust. Though she did not go to the sugarin' when it began, when all the pails and sumac spiles to be driven into the trees were carried up into the sugar bush, and the sap was gathered and boiled on the four great pans for the great b'ilin', and we children gathered to beg a little hot syrup to cool off on a handful of snow—sweetest thing on earth, I still think—all this Auntie forwent, but when came time for the little b'ilin' at the house, she took charge. A great flat pan was spread over the top of the bigstove in the kitchen, and for days the syrup simmered until it crystallized into sugar so white and pure it was a wonder to see. The butternuts that lay on the attic floor blackening and drying were brought down and cracked on an iron anvil, and thrown into the sugar for further tasty pleasure, sweet upon sweet, outdoing the bucklewah of the East, or any other condiment, making little boys like Shelley's bees, "faint with too much sweet."

The old art is not dead, though what you buy on the roadside stands is sometimes not of the choicest kind. But at Rochester the

other day, in Bernice Ordway's home, she had gathered the butternuts herself from the tree behind the church, and boiled the syrup herself into the same delicious candy. Eeyum! For an old boy one piece was a genteel sufficiency. The days that are no more!

Below the Morgan attic—I had almost written morganatic—was a square hall opening upon four rooms of equal size. During our visits these were our home, the hall becoming a playroom on rainy days. Leading off from it was a corridor, with rooms on each side for the help, and for sewing and candle-dipping. We always used this hall for egress via the back stairs, for no one ever used the front stairs, or the front parlor that opened from them, except when the See-leck men came for their meetings. Besides, the back room was bright and busy, with Hattie singing at her work.

It was all as cold as Greenland in the winter-time, and the ice used to gather in the water-pitchers in the bedrooms on a really cold morning. But the big warming-pan was used at night, with soap-stone "stoves," and we were cozy enough. Downstairs in the back parlor the little Rochester burner fairly reddened with the little wood chunks. But we were our own best stoves keeping warm by keeping active. It is an odd thing that though all the chairs in the house were ramrod stiff, I have no memory of discomfort. I wonder what Auntie would have thought of all this modern overstuffing, although I myself of all verbal parts prefer the supine as well as any grandchild. I recall now, that a favorite attitude in reading was to lie on my back in the chair-bottom, with my legs up along its back.

No plumbing rose to the second floor, of course, or on the first floor, either, except at the kitchen sink, of which Auntie was so proud. There a good stream of ice-cold water trickled endlessly and silently, coming from the spring in the meadow. The privy was a big room off the angle beyond the wood-room and the creamery. It was not at all unpleasant, for all was spotless. I liked the cheerful three holes on the seat, especially when we three brothers worked cans together, and indulged in our intimate conferences. There at least, I was admitted as equal, full and free, no longer nicked with 'Skin, Bones, Squall and Co.'

“Where is George?”

“He’s in the—privy,” Hattie would say, modestly screening her mouth with one hand; the immodest word could be uttered, but not seen.

The pig orchard went directly behind all this, and again I have no memory of odors. The pigs had a big run, and grew fat on the apples; and I competed with them for the first fall of Pound Sweets and Greenings, though I never bothered about names; an apple was an apple, and I would eat it unless I was chased out by an irritated pig. I became adept at slipping through the board fence that confined the yard and sometimes seemed a flimsy guard.

In the big sunny kitchen Auntie kept a half-dozen brown and gold canaries, in a big cage in front of one of the windows. Song was unceasing. Mother told me they were offspring of the “Mother Hubbard” canary stock which my grandmother Mary Fay had bred, and which were noted songsters all over the state. If my memory serves, she often had as many as a hundred at a time, in a room at the back of her house, and never used a cage.

At any rate, I begged some of them, and carried them back with me to the home in Irving Place. I bred them too, and tended them with care, until one day Father brought back a stray cat from the street, who promptly killed them all. To add insult to injury, Papa put the cat in the birdcage and took it up to Pine Hill. The conductor made him put it on the open exposed car platform; the train went round a curve, and the cat never came back, nor my birdcage, either.

But chiefly, I remember the hum of activity in Auntie Morgan’s house, for everybody worked, with little time for talk. Life was so much more exciting than in the lazy city. Everybody was of all trades, and could turn his hand to anything. Boys and girls alike were skilled early, the girls more so. Stitching, knitting, embroidering and all needlework, the making of all preserves and breads, the biscuits and the cookies, jams and jellies never ended. The girls were the first aid and the dosers, too, for the men. Eucalyptus and sassafras and all the rest were in their charge. They took

care of the sick calves, and the sore udders. And they sang at their work. Hattie sang how

“My grandmother, she
At the age of eighty-three
One day in May was taken sick and died.
(Thump, thump)
And when she was dead
The will, of course, was read
By the lawyer as we all stood by his side.”
(Thump, thump)

and all the rest of it and of the others, for which see “The Vermont Songster.” She knew them all—“Young Charlotte,” everyone, I think.

There were cloudy days, and there were thunder-storms out of old Sable Mountain over the way, and how thrilling they were! Auntie Morgan was so busy that she could not afford to be snuffed out by a bit of lightning. So she took precautions. No matter what the time of day, she dressed herself in a black silk dress, silk being a non-conductor, and it would save trouble in the laying-out, too. Then the hired men came in and moved the bed, out into the center of the bed-room. Then Auntie climbed on a feather-bed, another feather-bed was spread on top of her, the bed was lifted onto high glass pedestals with sockets in them, the shades were drawn down, and Auntie was left alone until her Maker chose to relieve her concern. And she was never hit by lightning, in consequence. She died of inflammatory rheumatism, at seventy-seven.

Auntie’s room lay on the east side of the house, between the back parlor and the dining-room. As she was never in it except at times of storm, it became the hallway between the parlor and the rest of the house. During storms you went around outside, for of course you never used the front hall.

But for all its activity, life at Stockbridge was outside the house. There were the boys and girls of the neighborhood, the Lambs and Chamberlains and Richardsons and the rest, coming in

the morning and taking us off for play. Mother used to gather them in on Sundays and read to them, but most of the time we were off on something very important for no country boy ever idled any more than his parents. Our days with them were one long initiation into the activities of life in field and forest, barn and brook.

Sister Fay set up the "Anti-slang and Literary Society," to which Jeffers Richardson and other boys belonged. But to pay one cent every time you said "I bet" proved an overtax, and in spite of the charms of hearing Fay read the "Wonder Book" to us, the society did not last the summer.

Brother George, two and a half years older than I, suffered from the nervous malady chorea, the dancing disease. He could not keep still, or even sit in a chair for more than a minute. Our New York doctor, who was a Vermont Hubbard and a cousin, by the way, advised the air of Stockbridge for George. So for two years he lived with Auntie Morgan, and I wish he were here now to tell me more of the life that went on, for he thoroughly enjoyed it, in spite of his handicap. He went to the village school on Johnnycake Flat, staying home whenever he felt like it, to my great envy. From the boys and girls of the school he learned much more about life than I ever did on the dangerous sidewalks of New York. He lived with the men, and learned to use his hands as I never could. From this time dates his love of repairing things, and his skill in machinery that led him straight into railway engineering and an assistant chief engineer's post in the Interborough Railway Company. He built the tubes under the East River and the great yards in Harlem and the El in the Bronx, because he had learned to use his hands in Stockbridge. His illness was no lost time for him as it turned out. Even in school he kept two years ahead of me all the way, and graduated from college at twenty.

Our greatest fun was a combination of cops and robbers with the mysteries of a cornfield in August. A boy called the "sheriff" would begin the chase after horse-thieves. When he caught his first he would "deeputize" him to help catch the rest, and so it went on until all were in the clink. We played in the great cornfield on

the meadow stretching up White River from the Pittsfield road for what seemed an endless distance. The long, silky, smooth rows seemed very inviting at first, and then as you lost yourself in them they became frightening to a timid boy, and seemed to menace him with "You will never get out." Often the last thieves were never caught but wandered up and down the endless lanes of corn until exhausted. It seemed a miracle when we finally followed the row long enough to escape from our green thoughts in the green shade of the corn.

We fished in the river and played Hi Spy under the old covered bridge, and the country boys went swimming as we waded. We had never been taught to swim, and Mother did not want us to learn. In this we obeyed her, mostly out of shame. George never did learn, and was drowned in Long Island Sound, when he fell from the deck of his motor-boat during a storm, in 1913. As for me, it was not until my seventeenth year, when I went to Bermuda on a summer field job, that I learned to swim, and then only as a duffer.

When I was up at one time in the sugar season, Georgie Lamb initiated me in the art of smelting. After a heavy rain, we would go out on the roads, and scrape with old knives the dark streaks of sand that would line the ruts in the road. We would carry bagfuls of this to the spring and wash it in pans. The residue we took to his father's factory, and smelted it in an oven. Then we ran the molten lead, for I suppose it was that, in clay moulds which we made from the clay on the hill. Thus we made miniature cannon about six inches long, which we merrily loaded and fired away, both then and on the Fourth of July. Why we never blew our heads off is one of the Providential mysteries.

The competency of country boys was beyond my understanding. They knew everything that went on. They knew when the calves were to be slaughtered and showed me where to go to see it, peeking through the planks in the hay-mow, as I have told. They knew where the brown hen was setting, and all the other natural events, such as cock-fights. They knew when willow withies were fit for making whistles, where to get slippery ellow for chew-

ing, which were the edible weeds by the roadside, such as little cheeses, sourweed, the sweet ends of red clover, mustard, and all. We learned to blow grass trumpets, and caught toads to plant warts. We knew all the berry patches, of course, and the watermelon patches too. From Paul Tinkleman we heard tales of bear and wolf and wildcat, most of them enlarged for our benefit as we sat on the barrels and helped ourselves to crackers.

I was too young to go to the dances in the barns, or the surprise parties, or the oyster feasts at Clark's, but they were all talked over, for Clark's was a great source of gossip. Our chief informants were the hired men, as we watched them break the colts, or milking, or pitching the hay. We rode the horses back to the barn, and sometimes drove the hayrakes. When one of my last teeth was slow to fall out, the hired man tied it with thread to a cornstalk on the wagonload, because I could not bear to have him jerk it out. Then, when I was not looking he whipped up the horses. The next thing I knew I was flat on the ground, and the tooth left me after a tussle, leaving me with a feeling that my jaw was forever useless.

We rode the stone boat to the sugar bush, and sang on the sledge in the snow when we picked the Christmas tree. We learned to milk the cows, using the udders as country boys do, as reservoirs from which to squirt each other.

In all this the country boys were the teachers and guides. The only thing they envied us were the rides in the train, which they had never seen. The railroad came to Stockbridge for a few years, but its bridges were washed away in the flood, and it was never rebuilt.

Our friendship with the country boys was encouraged by Mother, but I think it was one of the reasons why my father wanted to get us down to the Catskills, in the summer-boarder country. He was a bit of an aristocrat, and wanted us to think of ourselves as New Yorkers. In the birthday book which Sister Fay collected for my twenty-first birthday, Father wrote on its last page:

"When this day shall have ended, you will have attained your majority and become a voter in the United States, in the State and City of New York. Your eight great grandsires, MacCracken, Wilson, Dougherty, Hawkins; Hubbard,

Swan, Fay, Denison, were all Americans who helped found our Nation a century and a quarter ago. You inherit an interest in your America equal to the most favored. It is your right and duty to take a place in the foremost rank in the Twentieth Century battle for the Christian Sabbath and School, for liberty under law, for ourselves and the world, for all that makes a great and good America.

H.M.M."

This was my birthday posy.

Of course Stockbridge was impossible for him as a place from which to commute to New York, as he had to do when he was building University Heights. But the real underlying cause in his dealings with his sons was a fear that they would not carry on his work for what he thought the best of life. This was what led him to insist that John return from his own successful career in a Missouri college presidency to assist him as Syndic of New York University. This it was which led him to persuade George that an engineer did not need to go to Alaska in order to find tough jobs of engineering. It was this that kept Fay from teaching and from medical school. And finally, it was this that I escaped when I ran off to Syria, and after promising to spend but one year wrung his unwilling consent to stay three years on condition that I should meet him in Europe each summer. Thus I won emancipation from the magnet of New York.

The marriage of his Pennsylvania Scotch-Irishness to Mother's New Englandry was symbolic of the history of the Middle West, so far as that term relates to the upper tier of states. They have been the determining factor in most of the bigger decisions in our history, the crucial states in the elections, the center of industry, the melting-pots of migration.

The family debates were unreal, because Mother's Swans were Scottish and her Fays Ulster Irish, while the Hawkins on Father's line were English. It was at heart parent against child, the young new states against the old. And chiefly for the sake of talk, perhaps.

Whatever it was, it was a sore blow to Auntie Morgan when our faces turned toward the Catskills in preference to the Green Mountains. Mother put off telling her the decision as long as she could, and we did not leave her until the end of the second sum-

mer. Father was up at Overbrook in Pine Hill, making over the old boarding-house into a simple home. It never took the place of Stockbridge in the heart of one at least of his children. The yearning for continuity has always been very strong in me, and the memories of boyhood on Johnnycake Flat have never sunk into the pond of oblivion. We have returned again and again. Marjorie has been very indulgent with me, and fortunately her love of beauty has been fully satisfied with the valley of White River. It was lucky for me that my forebears chose such a sightly spot in which to settle.



Stockbridge

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